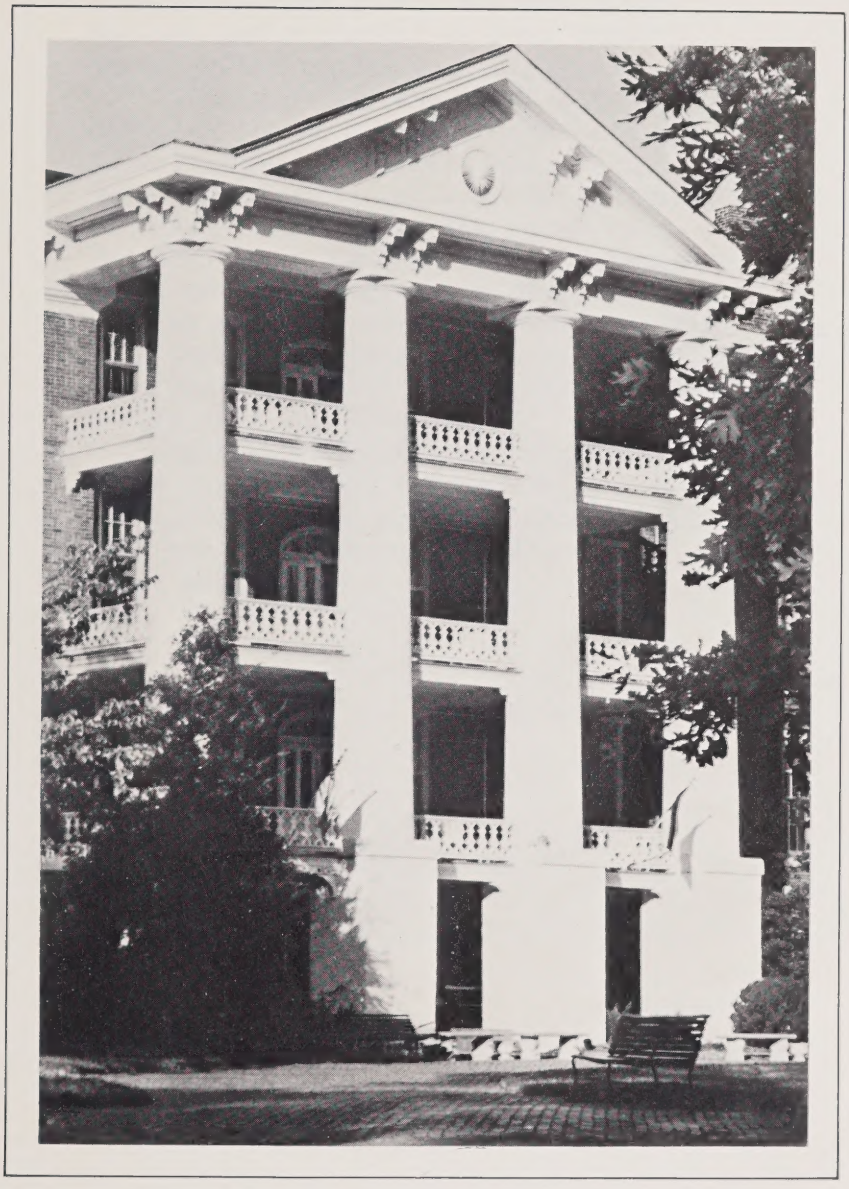

Prism

1980

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SEASONS OF PEACE

Old Main stands proud behind
the dancing green fountain as autumn
trees shed their leaves and squirrels
scamper through them. Old Man Winter
arrives and a blanket of snow appears,
where fallen leaves once did lie.

Winter gradually creeps away
allowing spring to awaken from its
drowsy slumber. Flowers blossom and
birds chirp under our windows once more.

As seasons pass, the sound of
laughter by a "family" of girls remains.
Quick smiles are given to others while
walking down the halls. Graduation day
is a shower of tears, tears of happiness
and tears of sorrow as one red rose is
tossed into the fountain.

Summer approaches and the laughter
is no longer heard through the halls,
The girls are now gone but each carries
with her happy memories made within
these walls.

--Wendy Overton

2nd Prize Art--

--Karen Crowell

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1st Prize Poetry

A MATH CLASS REVERIE

There you go tapping the chalked-out circle again
Until the constant click, click, click on the wood
prompts the ringmaster to open the door
to the canvas covered circus.
And suddenly the numbered squares turn into smiling
round faces of children as they watch horses prance
      ballerinas dance
       elephants stomp
        lions romp
         clowns tease
          the lady on the flying trapeze
Music pounds, drums roll,
gasps of amazement echo
until finally drowned out by applause.
And just as the smell of peanuts
stirs me to look for the vendor,
your click, click, click shuts the door
and the circus is lost as quickly as your question.

--Kathy Kabrick

THE RIVAL

She bathes her skin in stratagem
Until it soaks down in the streaks of cold blood.
She slithers to my side
Measuring out venom in claculated spurts for sudden strike.
Then she slackens, spirals into her favorite position--
A comfortable sniper waiting still and silent.

--Kathy Kabrick

2nd Prize Poetry

NIGHT WATCH

Star-hung darkness
Leans heavily upon me:
A smothering blanket
Of velvet softness
Encasing me in my own womb.
A lone sentinel keeping solitary vigil,
I pace behind the eye of my watchtower,
Peering beyond pressed panes of fluid blackness,
Molding tree shapes into your figure,
Whispering your name,
Bowing my head in desire and despair.
What foreign port harbors you tonight?
What wave of ocean cradles your sails?
How many tankards of rum
Will quench your pain?
How many brawls to fight to forget--
That another man won my parent's favor.
He sits upon his throne
In the study beneath my feet;
A spider guarding this fly
Held prisoner in the web,
And the ocean salts our infected wounds
That bleed freely with your presence.
My husband's steps echo on the stairs,
Embraced in blackness,
I hug myself.

--Wendy Fischer

3rd Prize Poetry

WHERE HAVE ALL THE GODS GONE?

Zeus
Athenia
Venus
And
Apollo
All are pagans
But they're true classics;

A reflection of Golden Ages
Gone
By.

To where do I reflect
Today?

Keats looked to a Grecian Urn,
I stare through a
Hollow,
Thoughtless,
Mass-Produced,
Glass
Coke Bottle.

--Beth Sedberry

THE BOOKTENDERS BIOGRAPHY

The dusty, leather bound books are out
of o^{r}d^{e}r again,
So I stoop, straighten and single-handedly
categorize my days
The years have hunched my appearance
with the weight of the words of others
And I have become as unnoticed as the books
themsleves
Lined in erratic fashion along the wooden caves
of darkness.

--Patty Garland

MY FATHER, LIKE AUGUST

3rd Prize Poetry

Stormy and hot
yet fertile and green
the last green before the cold winter comes.
August, hot August, my father like August.

Your temper rushes in like a storm
howls like its wind
Storms are soon to go away
mist settles in.

Is gentle and cool,
brings the blue of the sky
the warm rays of the sun,
and yet we know we needed the rain.

Dog-days of August when ice cream is food,
and tempers flare quickly
and tomatoes are good.

You have your say, dad,
once-then forever
August, too has its stay.

Before-winter with coldness, snow and ice
and hard frosts,
fires and blankets-
but all is not lost
so we ask,
where is our August?
it made a place in our soul,
we dare not forget
like you with your lessons and love and yet

Winter comes,
we know it will like that which tries to
strip you of your warmth and your fear
of what little minds love
and what idiots hold dear
a bit like the cold of wintertime's furry

Yes--
but you must know you are August
when the land gives of the bounty we're due
a month to be treasured
never forgotten
only this month could be you.

So be proud of your storms and all that
you are
'Tis nature you see that holds the seasons
of one's soul
and like the flower
that grows out from a stem
people search way too far
trying to see all that
you August
can give to them.

--Cameron Cutts

DREAM BABY BLUE

The man-in-the-moon sees you
He watches you while you sleep
Dreaming the dreams of storybook schemes
Finding treasures you'll always keep.

This is my lullaby for you
Lullaby for my baby blue
Whisper wishes, march in time
Rest peacefully under stars sublime.

As moonbeams softly kiss your cheek
Only the hoot owl dares to speak
And Mister Sun will be rising soon
Chasing away the man-in-the-moon.

Well, it won't be long before another day
And no one can take that time away
So dream those dreams of storybook schemes
That are secretly scattered on moonbeams.

This is my lullaby for you
Lullaby for my baby blue
Hum in harmony, sing in tune
All's asleep 'cept the man-in-the-moon.

Oh hushaby, now don't you cry
Go to sleep my love
Dry your eyes and dream of:
You're the one I love.

--Ashlin Looney

LIES

The stillness clouds, deforms,
Where once it clarified.
I trusted you with all my soul
And to that soul you lied.

Now you say my manner is stilted
Catch phrases one and all;
But I'd placed you on your pedestal and
Now I see you fall.

So, Fair One, be on your way from me.
Relinquish all your ties.
I asked from you but honesty.
You offered only lies.

--Julie Taylor

SLEEPING DOVE

Our eyes meet and hold,
And the trembling in my breast
unfolds like a dove.

--Patty Garland

WONDROUS WORK

The wildflower sown in my heart
Has grown and spread seeds through every
chamber
So that each morning my heart beats with
the explosion of blossoms blooming.

--Kathy Kabrick

POSEIDON'S DAUGHTER

She wears
a many-ruffled dress
of darkest shimmering green
with brightest blue lace.
Forever on the ball-room floor,
she glides and bounces
both day and night
and the hem of her gown
caresses the floor
in time
with the melody of the season.

--Tara L. Humphries

A TALL GLASS OF NOTHING

They fill me,
They drain me,
They set me aside,
needed, used, forgotten,
like a glass of water-
filled with life-giving fluid
drained of all contents
and finally, set aside and empty--useless once again.

--Patty Garland

CONTRADICTIONS

I've needed you always

But I'll require you never.

I was my own from the beginning

Still I'm yours forever.

So, understand:

I can't give up my heart

And I won't give up my soul.

But if walking slow and holding hands

Fits somewhere in

Your overall plans

And if "no place to be"

Is for you a necessity.

Then, come.

Be nowhere,

Here,

With me.

--Julie Taylor

THE JELLY BEANS

Neon colors of pink and green,
Cluster at Zack's in hopes to be seen.

In loafers, khakies, Izods, and sweaters,
They shag to the tunes of Dynamic Upsetters.

In pastels, polos, pleats, and plaids,
They hope to fit the preppiest fads.

If you own just one pair of L.L. Beans,
You're not out of style by any means.

And, own a strand of add-a-beads,
You'll have all the preppiness one needs.

--Beverly Bond

I'ZE HAS LOTSA FUN

M' name is David Hakin
I'ze has lotsa fun
I'ze got me a deploma from Wawis-Row-Hill
I'ze has lotsa fun
I'ze run track
I'ze has lotsa fun
I'ze was de wader boy fer de feetball team
I'ze has lotsa fun
I'ze used to be de helper at de plant
sto down dere on de Main Screet
I'ze has lotsa fun
Whin de main weren't lookin' I'ze
would goes to sleep under dem flier selves
I'ze has lotsa fun
I'ze had soom good old times, I has
I'ze has lotsa fun
I'ze has lotsa fun

--Sarah Farrior

LEFTOVERS

Tangible treasures from my small southern town,
old megaphones, pom poms, a homecoming crown,
leftovers from those precious, gone days,
red roses dried in a crystalline vase.

A heavy, stuffed bulletin board still frames
corsages and valentines, silly nicknames;
clippings and torn tickets bulge from scrapbooks;
fading photos hold those split-second looks.

Little football souvenirs from cold Friday nights,
love novels that raised my dreams to such heights,
pandas and puppies and monkeys and bears,
that now reveal stuffing beneath their worn hairs.

Scratched forty-fives of bubble-gum tunes,
journals written by the late light of the moon,
annuals-autographs say same old things--
old perfume bottles, ribbons and rings.

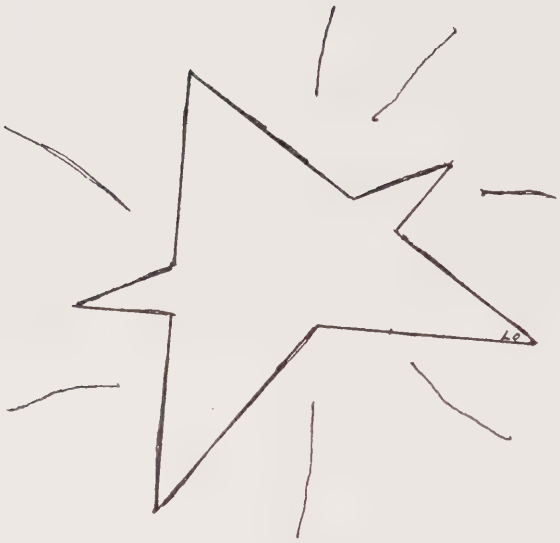
Sea oats bow from a corner of my room
sharing space with grandma-ma's pine waving loom--
yes, it's me these rose-covered walls have watched grow
and the meaning of these leftovers only they know.

--Cameron Cutts

FALLING SNOW

Snow falling softly,
Undisturbed it continues
Floating endlessly.

--Sarah Vaughan



STAR

Moonlight rushes white
across my unwarmed toes
to rest upon your
too-perfectly-plump pillow.
Smiling from behind
the curtains,
the moon himself
offers solace.
But later
when his spotlight beam recedes,
he forgets to leave
that sweet dimple in
your sadly smooth pillow.
How like the lightless absence
of that "neon sign"
in your whiskery right cheek--
your own personal marquee;
who does it flicker for
today?
And why, Star, can its heat
not thaw
these frozen feet
tonight?
Tonight
when even
the amiable moon
has left my flanneled company.
Tonight,
this Starless night,
when even socks
don't help. . .

--Julie Taylor

CAPITOL CITY SCENES

"Goin' up?"
"Comin' down!"
"Fifteen seconds to the ground!"
Elevators that touch the sky,
  Inside towers just as high.
Belks and Iveys on the square,
  Showing off new suits to wear.
Office buildings, fix-it shops,
  It's almost five by courthouse clocks.

Life now exists amongst the street ---
  Directed by the sign.
Right on Red, Parking Here,
  Do not Cross the Yellow Line.
Morgan Street, Do Not Enter,
  Just Four Blocks to the Civic Center.
Joe's Diner, "Come on in!"
  Morgan Street, "Oh, not again!"

Lights and signals flashing brightly,
  Stopping like a gate,
The people who are leaving town,
  And do not like to wait.

Taxi cabs scoot by the curbs,
  And buses sprint through town,
Vacuuming people off the street
  To help them get around.

The city is packed
  With sights galore.
But, the downtown noises
  Cannot go ignored.

A toot, a beep,
  A lingering whine,
To say,"Hello", or
  "Bud, you're out of line."
Squealing brakes sting the ears,
  While motorcycles snore.
Radios blare, and mufflers clatter
  To add to the eternal roar.
But there continues to remain,
  An underlying hum,
Of talk, and birds, and neon lights
  That offer all to come.

--Sarah Friday

GRANDFATHER

To many, the name Hoskins Harrell means little or nothing. To me it represents unconditional kindness and everlasting love. My Grandfather was a special type of man. A man who valued friendships more than any type of material wealth. A man who made you feel proud to call him "friend." Just stopping in his general store, for a coke or a little conversation, seemed to brighten even the darkest of days.

Grandfather was about five-feet eight inches tall. His body was firm and somewhat large. I have never seen hands quite like his before: they were long with large fingernails, but after experiencing their touch, one would realize his gentleness. His face was kind with a friendly smile and heart-warming brown eyes. The wrinkles of age and the gray in his dark hair gave the hint that life had been a long hard battle. But the sound of that gentle voice assured you that the struggle was all worth-while. I never heard a harsh word from that voice. Instead of scolding a child who was in error, he would simply correct. His language was always pleasant and hopeful. It gave one the courage to face another day.

My Grandfather's livelihood involved managing a small, white general store. It was the typical, friendly country store full of conversation and laughter. I suppose that through this store he had made more friends and met more people than the average person does in a life time. His kindness seemed to keep the customers coming back. I believe he gave away more candy to children than he sold. I can remember riding out to Grandfather's store with great anticipation, because I knew the brown bag of candy, the green sour pickle,

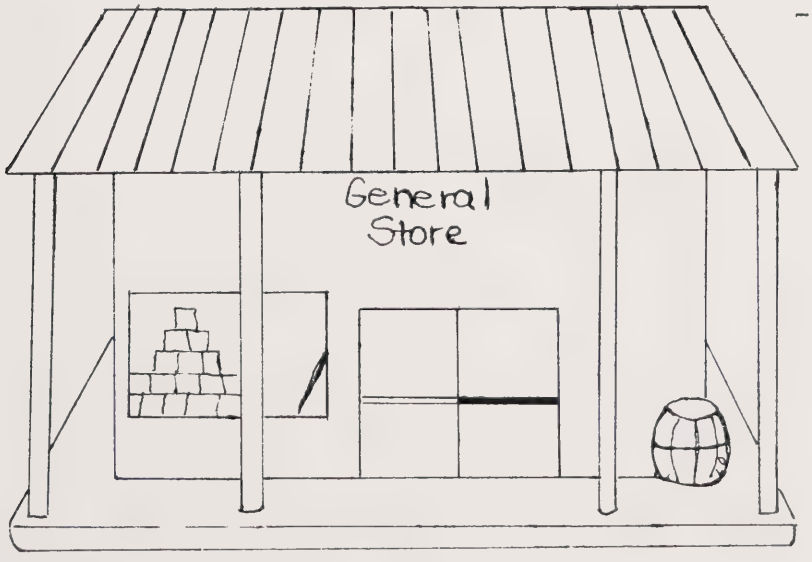
or the ice cold bottle of Coke would be waiting for me. A spark of jealousy would ignite when, as a child, I saw him give candy to strangers. I recall feeling that he was my Grandfather, not theirs. But soon I began to realize this was his way of calling others "friend." And friends he had; men, women, and children--almost everyone in the small county knew of Hoskins Harrell, his store and his friendly personality.

I never met another man quite like my Grandfather. His ability to pull that smile out of my back pocket when I felt sad, has never been matched. His visits on Christmas morning always made my feelings of holiday joy complete. His cheery personality brightened any room he entered. I always felt proud to walk with him.

On the day he died, somehow a part of me died, too. It did not seem possible for someone as good as he to be gone. His life had been such an influence on others; now his death would be. I watched him fight the disease for over a year. The warmth in those brown eyes remained, as the warmth in my heart grew for him.

This special man had given me a happiness in life few people experience, a happiness based on simple love and kindness. My Grandfather will always be close in my heart.

--Penny Jo Powell



The day you took my hand
and held it firmly
in yours
Was the day I said
goodbye to all the sorrows
I had known before.
Because now
I have something more:
a reason for my happiness,
a purpose in my life.

You put
the sparkle in my smile,
the twinkle in my eye.
I am your symphony and you
are my conductor.
You are the hero in my dreams;
the never-ending image
always in my mind.

When now my hand touches yours
I experience a certain security:
A peace only you can provide
a calmness in knowing that
I will love
forever . . . you.

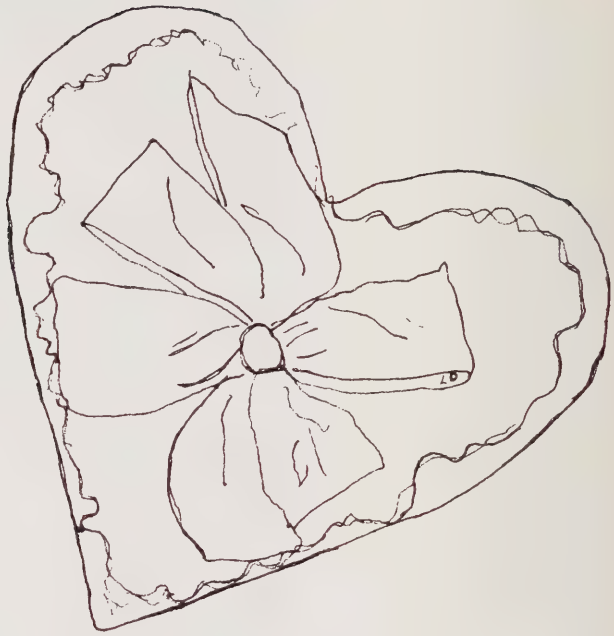
--Ashlin Looney

FOR THE CABIN COFFEE-SIPPERS BELOW

I listen--
I can hear the gulp-slush apology of the waves as the
   ship's wood resists
For she is restless
Yet the gentle rocking lullabye of the waves
Soothes with rhythm and lures her to submit.
I look--
I can see a sun ray's trailing tail
Glistening faintly on the water
And I am calm
As night welcomes the moon to its watch
Over endless ripples and tiny, sluggish vessels.
I hear--
I can understand the voices of the gulls as they
   fly back to the island
And I am selfish
To have not invited you all here with me
To watch the island lights flicker
And the sleeping of the sea.

--Kathy Kabrick

DIMESTORE LOVE



Not a box of chocolates
gooylicious
to melt in my mouth
on my fingers
or stick
to the sicky-yicky
mud-colored paper cups

Not a bouquet of flowers
color-elegant
to clash with my decor
smell like a new pair of socks
or drip
neglect-wrinkled petals
age-faded on the carpet

Not a bundle of Valentines
saccharin-sweet
to shiver anticipation
through my better-knowing self
or resurface
my compost-pile desk
among bills, advertisements, and coupons

Not a long-distance phone call
passion-painted
to say nothing worth the cost
while "soft-sound-of-rock" radio
plays in the background,
crunching aluminum-foil lines
mortally wound dove-cooed syllables

Not one or any combination
of generosity-spawned gifts
can ease this can't-get-to-sleep
can't-pay-attention depression
No matter the money-sacrifice
these tokens cannot take your place--

But they surely do make the waiting more luxurious.

--Tara L. Humphries

JOURNEY NEVER ENDING

His walk is slow, leaning forward
to push his feet along.
He carries a sack
and stops to retrieve
a bottle,
a can and then moves on.

The winds of winter are gusty
and he's an old man
and a car rushes by as it goes around the curve out of sight
the old man steps
back into the road
to move on.

What kind of a life can he live out of
the ditches of country roads?
and we trim up our scraggly boxwoods, fill our
hungry autos with priceless food--
and he spots another piece of aluminum reflecting the light of the sun.
He reaches for it, pours out rainwater mixed with beer
and adds it to his collection
and his sack grows bigger
and bigger
but the load is heavier

He's an old man
his walk is slow
and he stops to retrieve a bottle,
a can, and then moves on out of sight

and I close my curtain.

--Cameron Cutts

TO CARLA--

I love you--
hate you--
my best friend
worst enemy--
And I can't do without you.

You open my eyes to
the wonderful
the sorrowful
and the truth--

You open your arms to my
bruised pride
scarred hopes
and disillusions

You open your mind to
my world
and the shifting sands of sexuality
but you step over your "shoulds"
and hold me close in your friendship

I love you
hate you
my mother--dearest friend.

--Patty Garland

OLD WARRIOR

He is an oil painting
Knived in sombre hue,
Gilt-framed in gold;
Or a statue of flawed marble,
A tombstone of crumbling granite,
A fortress of clay.
Here stands the iron wolf
Brown-rusted, entwined with weeds.

--Wendy Fischer

SOMETHING'S A-MIST

A Mist is...

a swirling confusion in your mind?
a translucent wall around a lover?
an opaque screen between you and the crowd?
the sleep in your eyes in the morning?
that one drink too many?
an angry teapot blowing its stack?
a low cloud over a London trenchcoat?

What is a mist?

...I haven't the foggiest!

--Ann Potter

UNCERTAINTY

My pen hesitates

as I place the usual "and"

between our names.

--Julie Taylor

"PEACE WAITS"

As winter awaits:
The budding of a new spring
"Peace" waits patiently.

--Marjorie Marie Garner

1st Prize Art--Jessie Pierce

THOSE DAYS ARE GONE

I grew up believing in fairy tales,
And played my make-believe;
I dreamed of castels, kings, and maidens fair,
Had hopes that would not leave.
Those days are gone...my friend,
Never to return;
Those days are gone,
I guess I'll never learn.
For years go by and still I wait,
Within the same old door;
I have no more dreams to give,
I've dreamt them all before.
It's a long long time till morning,
But I'll not waken with the dawn:
For when I lay me down to sleep,
I'll be forever gone.

--Wendy Fischer

LOST LOVE

Soon I'll pass through the corridors
  of another past of mine
a time of pain
   and lost love--
will I be able to measure up to
 a strength I'm not sure that I have?

Will it all come back
   in salty tears upon my cheeks
that burned in
    our cold mountain air
that November night?

Come back dear soul,
   don't fall too deeply into memories.
don't let the past sweep you away--
go back to the pathways
   that carried your footsteps,
maybe sit where the two of you sat
   and talked and shared.

Walk past his old dorm
  or the courts on which he played,
  peek in the cafeteria
where you complained about the food
  and laughed at each other
in your Halloween gear.

Sure, go by your old room
where you made up your bed
  and laughed with your roommate
      at the cute things she said-

remember the notes he left,
      the way he nervously knocked
              no-
don't remember
just see what's left
  of what is now gone

and walk out of the
   corridors of that other past
and be glad this
   warmer time is here for you now--

--Cameron Cutts

MOMENTS ALONE

Why do I feel this way?
Like something has come apart . . .
and--
me with all my untested theories
can somehow pull it all in again
to--
a nice neat little package of
loves and hates
I don't know---
maybe someday I'll be able to think
of you-(all of you)-without the uneasiness
of self-doubt.
Will I make it?
the body-the shell will but I'm
leaving little pieces of my toilet-tissue self
to be picked over by those
who can never understand--
Can I?
ever really--
be--
just--
me?
to you
the ones who make it all so easy
and so
hard.

--Patty Garland

LAMENT FOR THE (FLAT-BROKE) LOVESICK

Harder than ice
At least twice the price;
Clearer than water
And sometimes much hotter;
Stronger than time;
Sweeter than rhyme;
The nightmare of man;
Woman's dream of her hand.

--Chris Clark

1st Prize Art-- --Molly Snead

PARIS; SUR le CHAMPS ELYSEES

I once walked down sidewalks
  lined with goldspun windows,
  trimmed in gilt
  where everything glittered and sparkled
  so that even the gutter appeared
  to have been cast in
Gold.

--Chris Clark

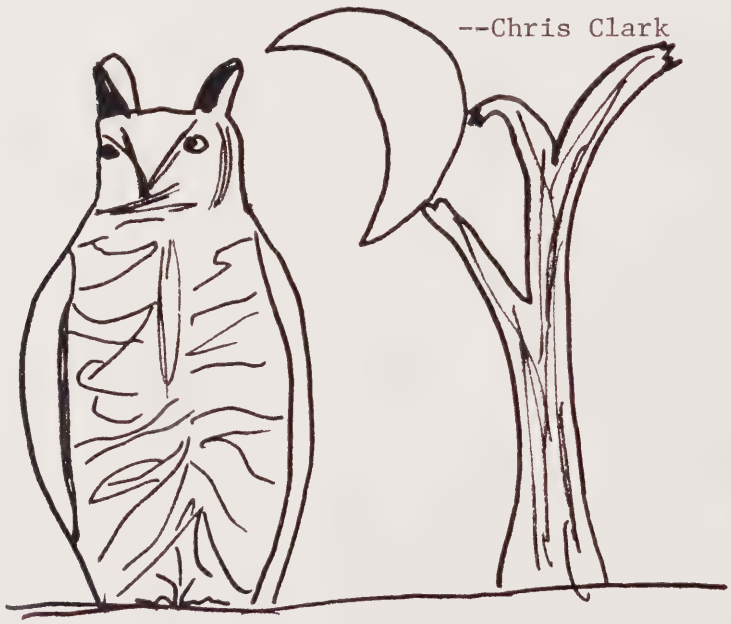
RAYS OF LIGHT

A blanket of blackness folds over the world
and tucks me into my lonely bed.
Sleep comes as easily to me tonight
as it does to the owl outside.
Mimicking the owl,
I struggle with sleepless eyes to penetrate
the darkness beyond the darkness of my room.

I will my thoughts, like rays of light
to tear a hole in that oppressing blanket
allowing me to send them, beaming brilliantly,
Skipping over the endless void between us
to land lightly beside you.
And, having given their message,
return to me with all they can gather
of your eyes, your face, your love.

But the blanket is thick.
And my thoughts fall back,
uselessly spent on dumb and hollow walls.
And that barrier which keeps me from you,
That suffocating darkness,
is my only companion.

--Chris Clark



You took your time to plan me
and for nine months
you carried me with you everywhere.
Your entire life was shuffled,
Did I tell you that I care?

You fed me from your own body
and held me when I cried.
You set me straight with occasional spanks
That went forgotten as soon as I left the room.
Have I ever told you thanks?

In nineteen years of living,
you never let me down.
You helped me build the dreams
And were always there when others had torn me down
Your job isn't as easy as it appears to seem.

As I grew older,
I thought my need for you grew smaller
and I searched for another route.
But I was yet to realize how stupid I could be
For it will be forever you that I can't be without.

From toddler to teen
through diapers, wet beds, tricycles, and cars,
How soon I was to grow
But with every different stage of my life
You were, and still are, there.
There are so many things I wish you could know.

It's never to late to tell you
how much you mean to me.
I can be there where you want me,
I can smile and listen to all you say.
But how can I ever repay you
for all the love you gave away?

After pondering the question
and searching for an answer,
Suddenly,
it hit me like nothing ever before,
The way for me to repay your love--
Is to love my children more.

Love them as you love me,
hold them as you do,
teach them to respect themselves,
and be there when they fall,
but mostly,
give them the greatest love of all:
The special love God gives a mother
to give her
precious child.

-- Ashlin Looney

THE REALITIES OF SAILING

Sometimes I feel like a sailing boat
whose sails are up and
waiting to float

The wind of my illusions
has become a hurricane
of my expectations

But my boat is full of
leaking and cracked planks
and my sails are never quite full.

--Patty Garland

THE SEA

Surge of rumbling rage
Grasping with lacy fingers
All it can gather...

--Wendy Fischer

As a seagull flies, she dances
Carefree, flawless
As the seagull glides with the wind
His white silken wings seem to touch the sun.
The dancer touches the audience as they watch
Her innocently, sweetly dance
As the seagull gracefully dives
To capture its prey,
While the audience continues to watch,
The dancer captivates their hearts,
The light playing upon her silken brown hair.

--Debbie Thompson

THE TEASER

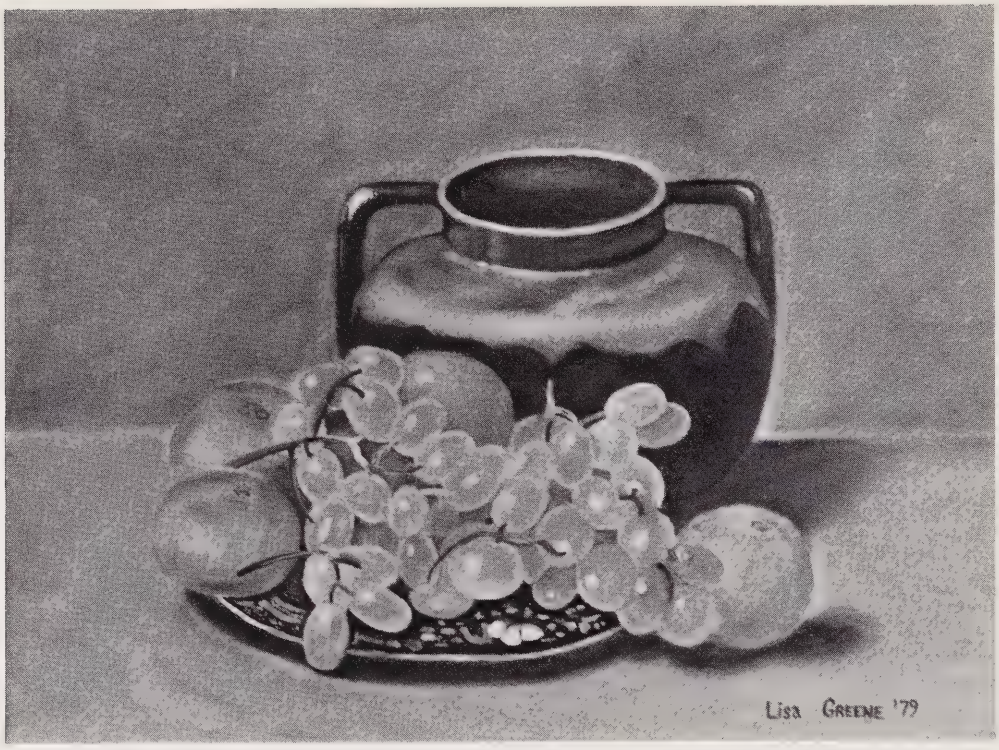
Oh little jay
why must you play
and tease that old black cat-

She's got you on years
and quickness too
for up on this sidewalk
has she pulled many a
bird of blue,

though she walks low
don't let her fool you,
she knows your
every move-

swooping fast, down
low, you tease
with grace-
oh next time
jay,
you'll be hanging
from her face!

--Cameron Cutts



--Lisa Greene

THANKSGIVING

Just wanted to say something
simple and beautiful
to show you the depth of my feelings

Maybe to let you dip down into me
and drink deeply as I have done of you
so, so many times

But you can't and
I won't force it
So, for now, we'll hold hands
and wander on the surface
of each other

Just wanted to say something
honest and loving
to strike that chord deep in you
and bask in the music

But I can never find the tune and
You can't hear my thoughts.

So I'll thirst and hunger
for that great banquet called US
that sits cooling--but for now--
We'll walk and talk
and laugh on the top of our minds
While our hearts reach and grope
for later.

--Patty Garland

You were the first to say you loved me
The first to say you cared
The first to express your desire to spend
the rest of your life with me.
There's a first for everything.

You were the first I every really loved
The first I ever cared for
The first I've ever desired to give myself to.

We made such wonderful plans:
A two story house, white picket fence, sons,
daughters . . .
a glorious life together
we'd have.
You made me believe in you.

--Ashlin Looney

ESPECIALLY YOURS

For all the love that I behold
I close my eyes; yet, in my soul
a feeling I may only see,
a picture sure to soon unfold.

To turn my back and walk away
would only prove that I'm afraid
to hear how you may feel for me,
to feel a change from yesterday.

To hurt my pride and shed a tear
would cause more pain and I who fear
to want what things are meant to be
when only those will be unclear.

In hopes that love will not pass by
without a touch, a chance to try
and show you love, yet when in need
I'll be your friend until I die.

--Felicia Simmons

ONCE

Once...there was love.
We laughed, we shared, we lived.
Wherever we were...
there was love.
Time went on...
Love went on...
Life has changed...
Time has passed...

Once...there was love.
And now we laugh no more, we share no more.
We live on...
But love is gone...

--Marjorie Marie Garner

THE REFUGEE

I saw it on the news tonight
the woman's eyes
      beheld such fright.
a refugee
   to our country strange,
but safe,
 and all to her name
   but one broken vase-
one broken vase
   to her name.

Americans—so we stare
her down
the newsman needed
 to catch that tear.

and through a small glass
frame,
      a life crumbles
in our home.

yet distance
 keeps her hurt from
being to us
      any kind of reality.

I saw it on the news tonight
 my own two eyes beheld her fright

and I was then
      like the refugee
strange, her pain
      was to me,
yet I was
         safe.

and I could easily replace
   her vase, but her vase is all that I could replace.

--Cameron Cutts

LONELY NIGHT BEAMS

moonlight casts its light across my bed,

in silence each pulse echoes--

my curtains rustle

touched

by a summer night's breeze

and I turn

looking into that moon-

that silly man
in the moon.

a puff of high fog shadows that face

from my view

and yet somewhere,

elsewhere your face can be seen,

Mr. Man
in the moon.

seconds tick away

and late night

becomes early morning-

I yearn for the sight of you

to somehow place you in a setting

of warming dim firelight

bronzing our love-gazes.

ever so naturally I roll over

and gently drape my arm across

what I dream and wish were you;

I smile--

but then remembering,

simply squeeze an innocent pillow.

--Cameron Cutts

SIFTED BLACK

Where are the roses that blushed pink this morning?
And my cheeks that burned with love's passion?
Somewhere here in my garden I have left them--
Where you left me months ago to join Confederate lines.
The starlight that highlights the fountain's flow
Glimmers on tracks of my angry tears
For, at dusk, they tucked you in to sleep
Beneath my garden's gentle grass.

Now petals recoil in silent horror
To inane cannibal feast of light,
Flavor of gold,
Flavor of moon.
Flavor break upon crackling night--
Quench the words and speak in rhythms
Love of diamonds,
Love of drums,
Silken in the curdling maze,
Love erupt to blacken water.

TEMPORARY

I remember better days
When love was just a moment away
And you were always there
To tell me it was okay.

It's hard now to want you here
And know that you're so far away
If only just once more
I could hear you say
That it was really okay.

--Wendy Fischer

SWIM MEET

Tense, tighten
tight as a spring
coil then release

through the air
like so many frogs
startled by a predator-
the starter's gun-

then land, smooth,
a sting-ray down on the surface
and gliding

stroking with the fervor
of a feverish minnow
avoiding a child's net

little splash
more speed

like playful dolphins
(yet fierce as sharks);
one jumps ahead
to be nudged away;

at last, our laps complete,
graceful lungfish
become clumsy on land.

--Tara L. Humphries

FRENCH KNOT

Mother watched
as her blond pony-tailed jr. beauty-queen
she sprawled soft dirty legs on the pink carpet
and poked strings through holes in the cardboard design

Forever-friends giggled
as stringy mousey-brown strands fell across her eyes;
she sat indian-style in faded jeans on a braided rug
and pushed sharp needles through pattern-stamped fabrics

Her lover held her
as not a single brunette hair slipped out of place
she curled fresh-shaven legs under her skirt on the pine-wood floor
and guided self-chosen threads according to her own graph.

--Tara L. Humphries

GOOD-BYE

The time has come to say good-bye.
We must now gather those countless memories
That are reflections of two years of love - always
Experiencing times of struggle and achievement,
But forever growing in character.

In a single moment each of us will be
On our way to a life of new challenges and
Opportunities, leaving behind us the old
Ones in a faint memory - realizing that
Things will never and can never be the same.

To friends, it's always hard to say good-bye;
But there's an end to all things and
We must live, not for yesterday - but for tomorrow.
Each day in life holds new horizons, new
reasons to live, new beginnings.
So now we must give each other a chance
to start anew.

Many days we are leaving behind,
But we have a lot more days and years before us.
And as we face them, we will never cease
To travel on with pride, love, and determination
Forever remembering our days here at Peace.

Yes, our Peace days seem to be over
And finally drawing to a close.
It's time to let our ambitions grow
Toward greater heights, always treasuring the
memories of times gone by and holding
fast to the dreams of the future.

Today was once a tomorrow and will soon
become a yesterday;
And we will still have many more "todays"
ahead.

So without delay my friend,
It's time to say good-bye --
I only hope we will meet again
Someday . . .

--Cynthia Edwards

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